

O F 1607/5683.

HORACE's O D E S.

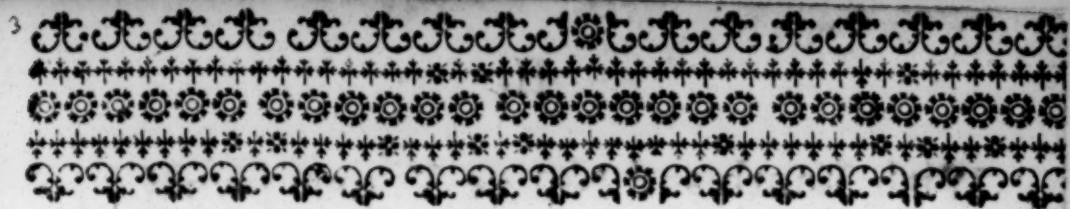
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Of YARMOUTH,
By his NEPHEW
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1607/5683.





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OF

HORACE's ODES,

PART I.

I.

UST as the Bird of Thund'ring Jove,
(To whom the King of Gods had given
The Empire of all Birds that Rove,
Beneath the Canopy of Heav'n;
For his Fidelity and Care,
In Rape of *Ganymede* the Fair.)

II.

II.

With Youth and Native Vigour joyn'd,
From off his Nest first strives to fly,
On Gentle Breeze of Summer's Wind,
And fearful shuns to soar on high;
Dreading th' Approach of Storms and Rain;
Unus'd to Labour and to Pain.

III.

But soon the Sheep his Fury rue,
When rushing on their Backs he drops;
Or when with Snake of shining Hue,
In dubious Airy Fight he Copes:
The Combat now he longs to prove,
The Danger now his Soul does move.

IV.

Or as the Goat, who views with dread
A Lion weaned from the Dam,
Range thro' the fertile flow'ry Mead,
Where she was wont to Sport and Game:
No sooner *fears*, but *feels* his Paw,
And dies by his unstained Claw.

V.

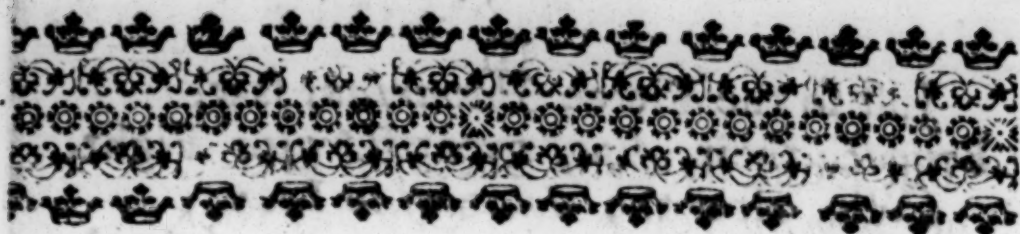
Just so the Fierce *Bavarians* saw,
Beneath their *Alps*, great *Drusus* Fight,
(Who after the *Amazonian* Law,
With shining Hatchets arm their Right.)
From whom deriv'd, I cannot find,
'Tis fit that Men be sometimes blind.

VI.

Their Troops, so long with Conquests fir'd
His Courage felt on ev'ry Side;
He shew'd what Tempers, when inspir'd,
What Minds could do which Virtues guide;
How *Cæsar's* great Example could
New Vigour give to *Nero's* Blood.

VII.

Great Men from Great Men always Spring;
The Horse his Father's Mettle shares;
Couragious Eagles do not bring
Forth Doves, nor Lions Dastard Hares.
Learning encreases Innate Heat,
And Education Steels the Breast:
Crimes are a Scandal to the Great,
Howe'er our Morals are deprest.



PART II.

I.

WHAT *Rome* unto the *Neio's* owes,
 Metaurus Crimson'd Stream can tell;
And that great Day which eas'd our Woes,
When the Fierce *Punick's* Brother fell:
 That Day whose sweet returning Light
From *Latium* drove the Shades of Night:

II.

Dire *Hannibal* till then was born
The Fair *Italian* Towns thro'out,
Like Raging Fire o're Fields of Corn;
Or the bleak East-Wind's stormy Rout,
 When with his large distended Sides,
O'er the *Sicilian* Waves he Rides.

III.

III.

But soon, by these Successes fir'd
The *Roman* Youth new Courage took:
The Temples now were all Repair'd,
Which on their weak Foundations shook.
At length the Fierce perfidious Chief,
Utter'd these Words, o'erwhelm'd with
Grief.

IV.

' We Stags, by greedy Wolves destroy'd,
' With Pain and Labour those pursue,
' Whom could we fly from or avoid,
' The Noblest Triumphs were our due.'
' This Nation, which from *Troy* expell'd,
' Long on the Main by Storms were held.

V.

' At length in Spite of Seas and Wind,
' Still held on their dang'rous Race,
' And left nor Sons nor Gods behind;
' But settled in this destin'd Place;
' To Stem the Tide of *Panick* Power;
' And Rage, that does like Flames devour.

VI.

' They like the Oak, by Hatchets cut,
 Which on rich *Algid's* Top does grow,
 ' By Wounds and Pruning fresh do strut,
 And get new Strength from ev'ry Blow.
 ' Nor *Colchos* e're a Monster sent,
 ' Nor has at *Thebes* Earth's Bowels rent,

VII.

' More fell: Nor *Hydra* fiercer rose
 Against enrag'd *Alcide's* Arm,
 ' Than *Romans*, tho' o'erwhelm'd with Foes,
 Do brighter rise with quick Alarm,
 ' To blast the Victors unbroke Force,
 ' With Fights that Ages may Rehearfe.

VIII.

' No more to *Carthage* I shall send
 Haughty Messages as of late,
 ' All flatt'ring Hopes have had their End,
 In *Asdrubal's* unhappy Fate.
 ' For *Claudian* Hands nought is too hard,
 While mighty *Jove* does them protect:
 ' Whom wise *Minerva's* Counfels Guard,
 And in the Maze of War direct.



